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Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cent bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded. FOR SALE BY YOUR DRUGGIST

Syrup of Figs FOR CONSTIPATION

Thousands of other remedies for being constipated have been tried, but none have been so successful as Syrup of Figs. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe in all cases.

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THE HARTFORD HERALD

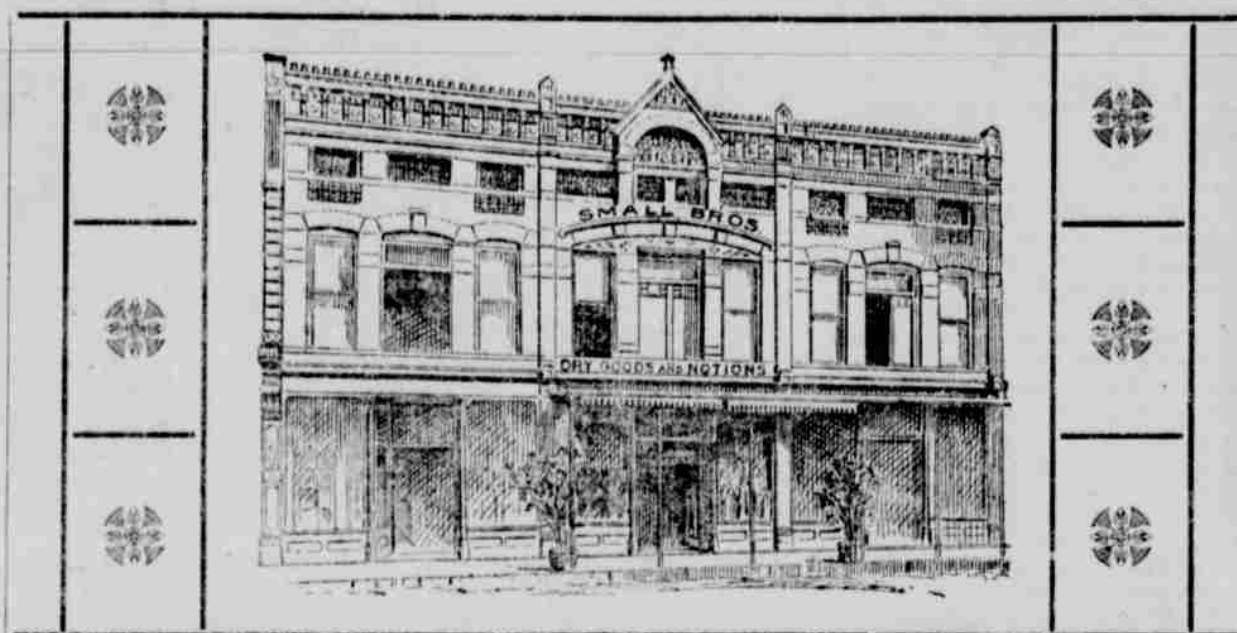
"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. XIV.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 5, 1888.

NO. 49.

THE ADVERTISING RATES
OF
THE HERALD
ARE VERY LOW AND WILL
BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
WE DO JOB WORK
—OF—
EVERY STYLE AND KIND!
We have the best presses and type,
employ skilled workmen, and our facilities are therefore superior.



Christmas Presents! SMALL BROS. OWENSBORO (Holiday Goods)

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM SMALL BROS.
We have the latest out in French and German Bisques; Jewel, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets in Plush Cases, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Albums, &c. Dolls of all descriptions—Wax, Bisque, China and indestructible Rubber Dolls. Useful and Ornamental Presents. Stamped Linen Scarfs, Trays, Covers, Splashes, Towels, Lace and Antique Bed Sets, Gold and Silver Handle Umbrellas for Ladies and Gents, Silk and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Silk and Cashmere Mufflers.
Special attention paid to Mail Orders. SMALL BROS., 109 E. MAIN STREET, OWENSBORO.

LIFE DIMMED BUT NOT EXTINGUISHED.

BY E. B. WHITFORD, ROCHESTER, NICH.

Some years ago, there lived in one of the middle States a happy family. The members did not revel in affluence or succumb to the pinching hand of want. They were frugal, generous and hospitable. Their home was one of those sweet spots where wise men and women loved to visit, and literary stars sparkled in the air.

The family held to a liberal theology, espoused the broad humanitarian principles of the Christian religion, and believed the time would come when all evil would be ruled out of the universe, and love would be the sole dominion.

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the middle grounds between Optimism and Pessimism, and remember the thought of Horace, whoever is fond of the golden mean is serene.

"With such prospects now before us," responded George, "such soft, cerulean skies unclouded of cloud, I cannot but be optimistic."

"Oh," exclaimed Mary, as if the future widened out and all curtains lifted; "do not take too contracted a view of life, for it has its tragedies and the beautiful rose has a thorn; to-day the heavens may wear a glory of light, to-morrow the robe of death, and in a moment when baby breezes are wooing and kissing every sail, our bark may dash against a rock and be engulfed in the eddying deep." This calm, philosophical view of life indulged in and elaborated on by Mary, was far removed from the luminous Optimism of George, and consequently found no lodgment in his mind.

Little did Mary think of a coming tragedy. After a visit to George, made, which only heightened her fellowship and deepened their love for each other, until they agreed to marry at an early date.

As a physician, he had a good practice, and was a rising star in the profession. But there lurked in his nature a terrible passion for drink, unknown to Mary. She had positively declared again and again, she would not wed herself to one who loved to quaff a deadly chemical product that diseased the brain and sapped the heart.

But George quaffed generously, but all unknown to his most intimate friends. Her love for him grew into adoration, and when in his presence, she revelled in visions of ecstasy. The time to be married was near at hand, and her friends congratulated her. But she took the fatal leap, the tidings were revealed of the intemperance and dissipation of George, they came from such a source so as to admit of no dispute. Shiloh had her own love for the wine-cup. Mary exclaimed frantically, tossing her arms wildly, the fires of her soul flashing in her eyes: "It is possible that George can decide me and do a thing that stabs the vitals of my soul, and leaves all my nerves bleeding, quivering and exposed! I never dreamed of aught so cruel and unkind! My heart is crushed with the burden of despair, and my life is shadowed by an ominous cloud! Oh, thou fool and damned spectre of wine, adieu, what lives thou hast ruined, and homes thou hast wrecked!" and then fell exhausted.

George came shortly and in a manner strangely pathetic, she related her grief as only a woman can. With tearful eyes and quivering lips she addressed him thus: "Notwithstanding your presence is joy to me, and I love you with all the ardor and rapture of a first love, yet I cannot give my hand and heart to one who loves the wine-cup. This is a calamity that crushes me to the dust, and heaven knows I am ready to sink into my grave, for there, no hearts can break, and no distressing sounds will ever reach the stunted and leaden air! This world is naught to me. I am sick and faint. George! George! Will you not now and forever abandon the cup of flame? Must these visions that sparkle so beautifully in my sky, turn out to be bitter memories, only to mock me in my isolation and solitude? Must my life be blighted and I become like a stray wail on the stormy sea of time? Heaven pity me!" George wept. The tears rolled down his cheeks, but alas! the wine-cup had bound him to a rock. He did not reform and in course of several months, he died a victim of intemperance.

The capacious intellect, like a magnificent palace, grand even in its ruins. The brilliant orb was quenched, the light went out in darkness. But though this calamity dimmed the life of Mary, it could not extinguish the flame burning in the inner temple of her soul. She knew the myrrh must be incensed and crushed before it sent forth its immortal fragrance and that even diamonds were made to flash forth stars only when cut and chiseled by the lapidary, and that even out of the mill of sorrow could pass characters of diamond brilliancy. She plunged into the arena of education and essayed to climb the heights of heaven and renew. She lacked the fervency of her earlier years and her emotional nature was rarely over stirred. She

made her home in a new country, a land of rivers and creeks, mountains and valleys, and scenes of indescribable beauty. She passed from sphere to sphere, and her popularity became immense. She was distinguished as an educator, essayist, and the secular papers indulged in eulogies on her wealth of mind. Onward she marched, upward she climbed, splendid things beckoning from the horizon of the future, and everywhere shone the light of day.

In reviewing the past and calling up the memories of by-gone days, her eyes would be sufficed with a gracious dew, and her voice would be tremulous. But amid the sorrows that blighted her early life, she sought and found a royal path, the path of duty, and upon it fell the golden rays of the eternal dawn.

Bitter as may be the disappointments of life, and tragic its realities, there is no room for eternal weeping, endless despondency and interminable gloom. Sunshine and shadow often mingle, the threads woven in the robe of life are white and black, and in the rendering of some imperial symphony or glorious Oratorio, we hear the notes of discord. But it is for us to create a world of light, of beauty, affection and aspiration, carry the aroma and wealth of summer in the heart, turn all discords into harmonies, and life at last will rise up in grand review.

Saw The Connection.

(Detroit Free Press.)
"Is that check good for anything?" asked a passenger of the Lake Shore road of the policeman at the Detroit and Milwaukee depot yesterday.

"No, sir," replied the officer, after an inspection. "That's a confidence man's check. How much did you let him have?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Well, you have been swindled. Didn't you ever read their games?"

"Lots of times."

"And yet you were roped in?"

"Yes."

"I can't help you any."

"I don't want you to. I want you to look at this."

He handed the officer a parcel which, upon being opened, was found to contain a large bunch of human hair which had been pulled out by the roots, together with a piece of man's ear.

"And count this," added the man, as he held out a roll of money.

"Here are \$70, and what does it all mean?" asked the officer.

"I'm the man that was swindled. This truck belonged to the chap who thought he had caught a sucker. See the connection? Closely observe my left eye. See any squish in there? Feel of my head. Any soft spots anywhere around? Trala, old boy, and not to weep for yours truly!"

I haven't the courage to die, sir. Hardly the courage to live. Can't drink enough to get stizz. Can't Christian enough to forgive.

This was the wail of a man who had endured the tortures of "liver complaint" and dyspepsia for years; and he might have endured them for life, had he not heard that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would make him a well man. He gave it a trial and was cured. Once he was hallowed-eyed, emaciated, and slowly tottering toward the tomb, but now he is vigorous, robust and healthy. There is nothing that can compare with the "Discovery" as a curative agent for sour stomach, constipation, impure blood and biliousness.

The worst cases of chronic Nasal Catarrh positively and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 25 cents per bottle. For sale by J. W. Ford. 39 1/2

Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing properties, will brighten pale cheeks, and transform a pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty. \$1 a bottle. 40 1/2

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by J. W. Ford. 39 1/2

A Slight Misunderstanding.

By E. B. W.

(Copyright.)

It is the hottest kind of a July day, and the place is a remarkably dingy New York law office. Two or three blocks away Trinity is chiming 3, but the roar of Broadway drowns that. The exalted audacity of the air and the shrill chant of "second Post" which comes up from the seething street, tell that mid-afternoon has arrived. The office boy has sunk peacefully off to slumber in his little dark anteroom. Mr. Blake can see him nodding peacefully over a dime novel, but finds him not more exciting than his own sample of literature, an interesting work on "Notes and Bills."

So Mr. Blake again applies himself to "Notes and Bills" for about three minutes. At the end of that time his eyes wander, he himself gravely on his feet, close, and then open again very wide as his head shakes forward with a jerk. The young man shakes himself, yawns frightfully, and gives up reading as unprofitable and tending to stupefy.

Mr. Blake is a lawyer, who is better known in the law houses on the Harlem and at Wood's grammar than in the courts, and whose ideas of the proper cultivation of muscle are more profound than his knowledge of law. This is evidenced by his snubbed hair, his close crop of hair, and his general get up, which is more athletic than legal. But now that the clock has struck, the clock is disbanding, the long form is drying out in the boat house, and when Mr. Blake goes on the Harlem it is between a pair of seals, which he pines himself along.

Blake looks rather disgusted. "Well, my good boy, it is not in that capacity that I desire you to act. You go to Mr. Vanvoorst's house as the guest of his son, and we trust, to the detriment of which I have seen indications, sir, in you, to decide whether matters must be allowed to take their course, or whether an investigation by detectives would be an advisable measure."

So the strife goes on, the judge delivering a succession of brief orations, Blake growling his objections, and the weather grimacing encouragement, and occasionally putting in his little or more or less purpose—generally less. At length, the judge having become very pink and emphatic, and Vanvoorst having invited his new acquaintance to visit him with an earnestness which is almost pathetic, the young friend swallows his scruples and consents to go on what he asserts to be a wild goose chase.

"Well, anyhow, Mr. Blake, we'll try to make it pleasant for you on Sunday. You can meet me on the 6 o'clock train at Forty-second street," says Vanvoorst, who certainly does not premeditate.

The 6 o'clock train up the river carries the two young men swiftly along until, in the late twilight, they descend at the middle station, far enough from New York to be out of the way of commuters, and the consequent eligible villa. Besides the station house nothing is visible in the dusk of the streets, overhead an exceedingly steep lane and striking almost directly up the hill from the river. With the roar of the train in the background, the two young men, who are looking at each other with a strange look, not to say dismay, but to say the least, the young man reverts his spirits to some extent at the exhilarating spectacle of a very high, flat, and very smooth road, with a big, and undoubtedly exceedingly well disposed brown horse in the shafts, the whole under the guidance of a groom whose dress is as good as stamped the equine as aristocratic. Mounting this, Vanvoorst junior discovers new excellences, and bursts, as it were, into full bloom. He is not a looker at; he does not strike one as intellectual; and he is certainly not athletic; but he can drive. He has an opportunity for a display of his talents as he goes up the hill. A freight train comes roaring along below them, and the horse, only too glad of an excuse, attempts to get over the fence, regardless of the car and its occupants. The calm manner in which his master gets him back into the road, and the pace at which he works him along when they have climbed to the level, and to raise Vanvoorst in the opinion of his companion, who is beginning to quake at the near approach of his troubles. Still, his pluckiness comes to the fore, and he looks into the present, he thinks it is certainly better to be thus bowling along a good road through the summer night than to be lost in the city streets, even though the Vanvoorst family is as wealthy as the Rothschilds.

Through a little village—tavern, blacksmith shop and a dozen houses—along a road lined with trees, through which the glimmer of the river down below, past a long line of stone walls, and a sudden wind that makes the groom on the back seat seize the reins, and the horse, with a sudden start, comes to a halt. The groom, who is looking at the present, he thinks it is certainly better to be thus bowling along a good road through the summer night than to be lost in the city streets, even though the Vanvoorst family is as wealthy as the Rothschilds.

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within the pale of fashionable dissipation, might be able to ascertain something of the prevailing history of his lady more easily than I or more easily than Mr. Vanvoorst here, who is already, he tells me, an object of suspicion in Mrs. Mackenzie's eyes.

Blake looks rather disgusted. "Wouldn't Plunkerton's men do better than any of us. I don't fancy acting as a detective."

"But, my good boy, it is not in that capacity that I desire you to act. You go to Mr. Vanvoorst's house as the guest of his son, and we trust, to the detriment of which I have seen indications, sir, in you, to decide whether matters must be allowed to take their course, or whether an investigation by detectives would be an advisable measure."

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escort's arm and comes up with the pleasant surprise for you, Mr. Blake. What cloud did you fall from? Then, a trifle lower but very frankly, "I'm awfully glad to